#### FILIAL ANTHEM.

My mother, 'tis of thee, Star of my destiny,
Of thee I sing.
Oh, angel friend to me,
All days that joyous be
From thy soft sympathy Sweet mother, spring!

Each hour I bide with thee As a bright star I see Which dark eternity Brushed from his wing! Awecter than liberty Each smile I gain from thee-Sweeter by far to me Than heaven can bringi

Light of my infancy, Guiding me smilingly, All joys of memory, Thy praises ring! Love's fairest imagery. Hope's brightest pageantry Truth's purest majesty, About thee ching!

Love, Hope and Truth, that be But sacred guards of thee. Mother, I sing! Over my life to be, Over the destiny Fresh years must bring. Crowned with the constancy If sweet maternity, Reign everlastingly With God, my king. -John Dwyer in New York World.

Through that strong trinity,

#### THE MEN IN STONE.

It is not always a desirable thing to come into possession of a large and beautiful estate. I used to think otherwise, but when I came to learn how, by your English laws, landed property could be hobbled by mortgage, and second mortgage, and third mortgage, and other mortgages, then I had to change my opinion. An active and fatal hereditary curse which I was forced to take up with the rest of the succession also helped in part to warp my mind to this unorthodox opinion. My up bringing had been in the western states of the American Union, and when I landed in Liverpool I was as firm a disbeliever and as eloquent a scoffer on the matter of family curses as any man, in the eastern hemisphere Afterward I came to change my opinion, but that was not until I learned how this band had horribly deprived no fewer than four of my own progenitors of life and had seen with my own eyes what was left of their mortal bodies, monstrous

My inheritance of the estate was a thing of blank surprise to me. I had almost forgotten its existence, so remote was my collateral relationship to the last owner But when the lawyer's letter came which announced the succession I gladly gave up nothing in Seattle, Wash., and shipped to England, where I fancied a very coastgerable something awaited me.

I must confess, however, that after landing my spirits were damped from the out-The rambling Elizabethan house was gloomy as a cave. The family man of business who received me was a glum old file, whose talent lay in bringing up the darkest side of everything. I thought at first that he resented me as practically a foreigner, looked upon me as an interlo-But this was not so. Dismalness as regards the affairs of the Devlin estate was the man's chronic attribute, and when I came to know more about my predecessors in the holding I began to understand why this should be so. The lives and the ends of the men who had been before me as heads of that ill starred family were not conducive to mirth on the part of any one who was paid to overlook them.

We were dining when Mr. Field, the lawyer, gave me a first brief outline of how my ancestors had fared, and I account it that I am stout hearted when I say that the recital did not take away my appetite. Of nine men who had sat where I sat then, in the high curved chair at the head of the black oak dining table, no more than three had died peacefully in their beds. Of the rest, one had been slain in a brawl, brought on by his own savagery; another had been | the midway line between the great stone one to death by some unknown marans who would have despoiled him of his papers, and of the other four, who should say how fate had dealt with them? They were here today; tomorrow they were not and no man could say whence they had gone or of what nature was their end.

"Of all of these unfortunate gentlemen, except one," said Mr. Field in conclusion, "I only know through the hearsay of his-But of the last victim of this mysterious ban, Mr. Godefroy Devlin, to whom you, sir, succeeded, I can tell you a little more. I warn you that the little I know is meager and unsatisfactory, but I think right that you should hear it. Who can say but that, joined to other knowledge which you will acquire from the iron box of family papers marked 'Private,' it may help you, in some manner which I myself cannot discern to avoid the fate which ins befallen Mr. Godefroy and so many of his forbears?

"You must know then, sir, that the estate in Mr. Godefroy's time was, as it always had been, desperately incumbered. Mr Godefroy was a thoughtful man, careful almost to nearness and deeply impressed with his responsibility of putting the family affairs on a more sound financial basis. To this end he lived with the utmost quietness and put aside every penny he could spare. I segret to say without much visible avail. Monetary fortune seemed always against him. He left the estate as he found n 15 years earlier, still heavily incumbered as you will discover when tomorrow you go into the accounts

"Please merk, then, that it was not till after 15 years of ine Tectual struggle—or, to be more precise. It years and 4 months -that he made up his mind to attempt another course. He did it with a beavy sense of impending tob-fortune, and nothing but so protracted a series of dismal failures could have nerved him to the essay. And believe me pure sir, that I do not speak without the book. Mr. Godefroy told me all this himself; told me also that he had known of the verture he was now going to put to the test ti marghant all his period of possession, and nothing short of despair could have shoulde set him into it. I sought to restrain him considering it my duty to do this. He waived my suggestions impatiently aside 'Mr. Field. he said, 'I have been a coward new for 15 years and have despised myself afresh every morning I woke. Life on these terms is no longer endurable. If I specced in restoring this estate, why, then, I do soo cood. If I fail, I shall have died in an hon-

orable attempt " 'What you tell me, Mr. Godefroy,' said I, 'is-pardon the comment-vague mysterious. Surely some practical method could be found of avoiding the danger you so feelingly hint at. We live now in the nineteenth century, and I myself value nothing a wordy curse propounded in the year of our Lord 1690, and I fancy that most other men are of my way of thinking. I cannot of course compel your confidence. I am speaking in a measure through the dark, but I cannot help thinking that if you shared this gloomy secret of yours

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

with some responsible person a means might be found whereby the dangers you allude to might be sensibly counteracted.'

"He broke out at me passionately. 'Do you imagine,' he cried, 'that I have not already thought this out a hundred score of times myself? Do you think me dolt enough to run into a horrible unknown danger if I could take with me a companion who could shield that danger aside?

"Yes, sir, those were Mr. Godefroy's words-'horrible unknown danger, and I judge from them that he was as ignorant of what he felt himself called upon to face as you and I are this moment But I had no more from him. He curtly informed me that he was shortly about to make his attempt, and that if he disappeared I was to 'presume' his death in the ordinary legal course and put myself in communication with the next of kin."

The old lawyer prosed on till deep into the night, but I must confess that his droning tones well nigh sent me into a doze. You see, I was American bred and thought little of ancestral curses and vague dangers that could stand against a pocket weapon of 38 caliber.

As I have told you, later on I had my eyes opened, and an inspection of the pa-pers in that tron box marked "Private" began the process.

It was with a preliminary feeling of ceriness that I made the key grate through the rusty wards of the strong box's lock. Sooner than let the papers which I was going to view pass into alien hands one of my ancestors had delivered up life itself. The stiff hinges screamed as the lid swung back, and I was astonished to find the inerior was well nigh empty. It contained but one slim vellow packet, bound about with a thong of leather, and nothing besides, unless one takes account of some gray flue and a blotch or so of ancient spider's web.

The packet was labeled on the outside in a mean, cramped bandwriting: "To my son, Anno 1650, Chaucer d'Evlin," and underneath were dockets by the various holders, "Read by me, George d'Evlin, "By me, Armytage Devlin, 1723, and so on down, and the signature of Gode froy Devlin, who had made perusal some 16 years before myself.

Curiosity did not permit me to linger long over the exterior. Unknotting the thong, I dashed at once among the contents. Here, however, my haste was stay-The crabbed old penmanship, the queer, dead forms of expression made a puzzle which I was many a weary hour in disentangling, and even when the task was completed and a fair copy of what I judged to be the just translation lay on the desk before me the import of it bewildered me much. The letter was merely a long, vague, rambling statement of fact. About this much threatened curse there was no more mention than one finds in a table of

Paraphrased the contents amounted to this: The old gentleman who in 1620 put quill to that yellow paper had by one means and another scraped together a goodly inheritance. But, knowing the ways of the world, he foresaw it possible that some of his descendants, either through personal extravagance or political uproar or some other cause, might dissipate this and stand in need. On which secount he here spoke of a treasure hidden away, to be breached only in case of the most argent necessity. To discourage its being unhoarded without due cause be-warned any raider that the approach was matter of trouble and much personal

This made up the contents of the first two folios. The remaining sheet gave directions for uncarthing the booty, and I had a sort of vague fancy that it was in a different hand of writing, as if (perhaps) it had been penned at some subsequent

The searcher was directed to a certain moor in the neighborhood (giving the name) "at a time when a low flying moon shall east the shadow of Wild Boar pike into the full of Stanton's Ghyll. At the point where the rim of this shadow cuts monuments which uprear from the floor of the moorland there lies a mossy cleft Within which receives a runlet of water. this mouth widens, leading to the lip of a prodigious deep pit, which in turn gives entrance to the bowels of the mountain. In the depths below this lies that which if brought to shrewd use shall reset up this my house, which thou (my son) hast made to totter. Yet guard against being overlooked in that thy search, for should human eye espy thee, so surely shall this treasure which is buried for thy mainte-

nance be reft entirely from thee. Now, it was the very plainness and simplicity of these instructions which troubled In this original document there was no mention of curse whatever. Yet current gossip spoke confidently of an active ban, and the mysterious disappearance of those four Devlins (all of whom had read precisely what I read then) seemed to give definite ground for the runor.

I puzzled over this point for many days, making neither head nor tail out of it, and at last resolved to go the one sten fur-Money I must have or else return to the old drudging life on the Pacific The estate was dipped to the neek and because of the cursed entail I could not sell the acreage of a penny piece. wrote to the next helr telling him how matters stood But he did not feel the He was a sordid fellow, rich himself and a gunmaker in Birmingham, and he refused to break the entail. To remain as I was meant common starvation, neither more nor less. The warning of what had happened to my four predecessors in the quest was grim enough, heaven knows But my needs were great, and they rode it down

Too impatient to wait for moonlight, I set out there and then in the full glare of day for the upper ground. I found a wide upland plateau walled in on either side by steep gray cliffs of limestone. One of these ran up to Wild Boar pike, a bare grim prag of stone that was an eminence for miles round. The pike made a sky line running up at a gentle slope from the northeast till it finished in a little nipple of rock and then being cut away vertically for 1,000 feet as stunt as the end of a

The fall of Stanton's Ghyll was a patch of noisy whiteness two miles away in a \*lantwise direction on the opposite hill face, and the "great stone monuments" were two jagged onferops of rock, which sprouted in bare loneliness from the flat

floor of the valley. It seemed to me at first blush that old Chaucer d'Evlin's cross bearings were simple enough to work out, despite the slightly fantastic way in which they were written, and congratulating myself that I had no cause to blunder about the moor in the nighttime I hazarded a guess at the course of the shadow and set about searching for the cleft which received the little stream. All around me was rough bare brown moorland, patched here and there with pea green plateaus of bog, and here and there with conical pits, where some cave in the

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

limestone beneath had broken in. The

place was noisy with the screams of curlew and the crowing of startled grouse.

I searched that day, and the next, and for many days afterward, but found no trace of entrance to the regions beneath. And then I took to poncher prowlings by night, but many a weary black hour passed before a moon threw the pike's shadow on the waterfall.

Yet at last a chance was given me. The night was windy and full of noise; cold besides, and clouds were riding in the heavens at racing pace. The walk was a long and a rough one, and I sat down under the lee of a rock to wait. At times the ring of the moon glared out with crisp distinctness, crawling along low in the sky below the Wild Boar's haunch. More often the drift of cloud banks eclipsed it. in its creeping progress it drew behind the upward slope of the Boar's back, and I lost sight of it altogether. I knew only of its presence from now and then a reflected glow from an upper stratum. But as it drew ahead a fan of light stole out from the vertical wall of the pike and spread up the valley, and as the moon swept on the edge of this light fan drifted backward down the valley, driving the black swathe of shadow before it.

At last the creeping shadow of the pike, with the first moon ray on its heels, swung into the little gorge of the waterfall, and the valley floor was ruled in half by a clean line of inky black. I glanced up. One of the jagged stone "monuments" was brilliant in moonlight. The other bristled through the gloom behind me like some great uncouth beast. I was standing in the direct line between the two. The mark of the shadow cut this not a score of yards from my feet in the center of a patch of oozy green

A cloud drifted over the moon then, and the moorland was filled with cold, rustling gloom. But I had learned enough to find out if old Chaucer d'Evlin's words were true. I had marked down the spot and ran to it, with the dark bog water squelching over my boots. But in the middle of the patch the water drained away; and, listening, I could hear a silvery tinkle which came to my ears between the gusts of the gale.

With growing excitement, I tore the moss away eager handed. Beneath was wet, shining rock, eleft with a 2 foot gash that was floored with pebbles. Dropping down upon these, away from the draft of the gale, I lit my lantern and found before me a gallery, sloping gently downward with the strata. It was partly earth fissure, partly water worn, and it led me along for 40 yards. Then I stopped and saw before me evidence of those who had

In the rock floor was a shaft, fluted and smoothed, descending vertically downward toward I knew not what abysses. It was a formation common enough in limestone and known as a pot.

Across the mouth of this was a new cut beam laid, and from the beam depended a knotted rope, which hung lankly and wetly down till my lantern's glow could trace it no farther in the heavy darkness. Down that rope Godefroy Devlin had met his fate. Down other similar ropes three of his forebears had preceded him into eternity.

Shall I be written coward if I confess that, standing there in that still, black silence, a heavy chill came over me as I gazed downward which not even the cold of the cave would account for?

Now it seemed to me that if I waited my courage would ooze still further away. I made a dash at the attempt with all the blind haste of fright. I had with me a rope and tied that fast to the beam alongside the knotted rope of Godefroy Devlin, watching, with a shudder, the snaky colls as they disappeared in the blackness of the pot. Then I seized the two. I had deseended two man lengths when I remembered the light. In my burry and scare I had left it behind. Ascending once more, I tied it to my neck, but, finding it inconvenient there, slung it by a string round my ankle. The change saved my life.

Fathom after fathom I descended, the smooth stone sides of the shaft keeping their precise distance—and then a vague dreaminess erept over me-and the candle | most imperceptible degrees until actually in the lantern burned dimmer-and I drev nearer toward sleep-and then the candle went-out.

The loss of light roused me. I stopped my descent, sugging the twin repes back and forward like a man of lead. My hands weighed tons; my feet and head hundreds of tons. Instinctively I hauled myself upward again, with perilous slowness at first, faster afterward, with the speed of terror when nearing the top.

I did not faint when my feet were once more on the solid rock. I should have been happier if I had done, for, as it was, my heart was like to have burst an alley through my ribs. Heavy poisonous gas—carbon dioxide—lay in a layer at the bottom of the shaft. If it had not been for the warning lantern, I should have deseended among it and dropped into death, even as had done those four others who preceded me.

You can be sure I was fit for little else that night besides tottering homeward as best I was able, and I thought never to visit the horrid spot again. But a day or two's rest changed this view, and I transported to the moor a small rotary blower from a portable blacksmith's forge and a long length of rubber tubing, and exorcised the heavy gas from below till a candle would burn there as clearly as it would in the open. Then I descended again, and instead of the few shattered bones and other poor relies of humanity which I expected to find saw as wonderful a sight as man's eyes have fallen on through all the Water fell in a small spray from all around, and the lime in it and been deposited on the bodies of the four Devlins who had fallen there. Decay had never commenced. The shell of stone had begun to grow from the very moment of their ar-The undermost man was a shapeless heap. The next was but a vague out-line. Of the third I could but make out that he had once been human, nothing more. But the last comer had fallen on his back resting against this ghostly pile, and the thin layer of stone which crusted him was transparent as glass. I could trace every fiber of his clothes; every line of his careworn face. He must have passed into death without pain. His features were more peaceful than those of a man

For awhile this rocky horror fascinated me, and then I tore myself away, passing into a great jagged cave, which burrowed among the very entrails of the living rock. And here was the treasure which had been kept so long inviolate and at such a cost; not jewels or gold, as I had fondly anticipated, but a vein of galena-glittering lead ore-which, when afterward I brought up royalties and set on miners to work, made me richer by far than that old D'Evlin. who had first discovered it and had left it so contemptuously as a spare nest egg for

his posterity I found, too, something besides, which showed how terribly one man's faults may be visited on his descendants, and showed, moreover, how a vengeance may be transmitted with many lethal blows down many

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

centuries. There was a flask on the rock

floor beside the sparkling vein of ore, a queer shaped wine vessel of glass, stoppered with crimson wax. Inside were papers.

I draw them out and read them by the shifting light of the lantern. The hair rippled on my scalp as I spelled through the crabbed sentences. The words were written by one Thomas Field, steward to the D'Evlin who founded my family. They began with a description of the writer's station, and then there followed a list of his woes, and hate glowered from each

"In every carnal thing" (so the letter ran) "has this man, Chaucer d'Evlin, done me wrong. He has gained cattle and horses that I should have possessed, farms that I should have had and that by rights were mine. He stripped me of moneys till I had no dirt left. He made me his servant who should have been his master. Yet these things could have been forgiven. But for one matter wherein he ousted me the man has earned my hate, undying. He won for himself the woman I loved and made her his wife who should have been mine.

"For this I write here my curse against him and against his till they are worms and dust as he is now. For this I have taken away the last sheet of the writing in the iron box, wherein he told how to draw away the noxious vapors which fill this pot, and have left in their place other writings which shall form a snare. Hereby I know my soul is danned to all eternity, but I care not. Through Chancer d'Evlin I have known my hell in this life, and so that this, my curse, may spread on all his spawn which is to follow I willingly take the portion of flames which will be mine in just recompense. O Dama, my love, my lost love, through memory of thee alone I do this thing.'

In that weird mysterious cavern I read these words, and the thought of that awful vengeance which Thomas Field's dead hand had carried out bit into me like a knife. My chest grew eramped; my head throbbed; the whispering noises of the place increased to clamor. It seemed to my frightened nerves that the steward's tortured spirit hovered and gibbered in the black vault above me.

I could not wait there longer. I fled to the shaft, trending on that mound of men in stone, and then leaped up the rope to air and daylight. Dead Duna, your faithlessness-or your

eoercion, was it?—has been fearfully avenged.—C. J. C. Hyne in Chambers' Journal

#### Venetian Glass.

The glass mosaics are brought from Murano into the work shops at Venice in the form of thin plates and are cut up into little cubes or squares in the latter place. They are put away and classified according to color, and this working stock fills sev eral large rooms. Against all four walls of these apartments stand huge cabinets, divided up into what seem to be innumerable little drawers and compartments, all numbered and catalogued like a veritable museum. Each of the little compartments contains possibly a thousand of these little glass dice of a particular shade.

My guide told me, and from what I saw myself I am ready to accept the statement as unquestionably true, that over 5,000 different shades and colors for the glass mosaics are made in Murano, and that there are from 12 to 15 tints to each color and shade. Think of it! And then think of having this enormous collection so systematically arranged that any one tint of any shade can be found without a moment's delay.

This statement may seem startling, but when it is considered that Salviati's artists are able to reproduce in exact shadings, colorings and tone any painting it will be appreciated that this vast number is hardly more than adequate. An artist in oils or water colors can put one color or wash over the other, depending upon the opacity of one or the transparency of another, until the exact shade required has been obtained. Then by blending several shades be can soften and tone them down by alcord bundled or more time hav been produced in one bit of the paintingsay that of a hand or face.--Home and

### Arraigning the Romantic Novel.

How unutterably flimsy and juvenile romantic fiction such as Stevenson's tales of villainous wreckers and buccaneers, Haggard's chronicles of battle, murder and sudden death, Conan Doyle's accounts of swaggering savagery and slekening atrocities and S. R. Crockett's sanguinary records of Scotch marauding expeditions appears to me compared with Tolstol's wonderfully vivid and masterly transcripts of the life we all live! It is the feudal sentiment of good Sir Walter and his successors which makes our daughters despise the democracy which their fathers founded and dream of baronial eastles, parks and coronets and a marriage with a British peer as the goal of their ambitions.

Half the novels they read glorify these things, and it would be a wonder if the perpetual glorification did not produce its effect. For the idea that literature of amusement is a neutral agency which affects you neither for good nor for ill is a pernicious fallney. What you read, especially in youth, will enter into your mental sub stance and will and must increase or impair your efficiency. Much you will out-grow, no doubt, but there always remains a deposit in the mind which you will never outgrow. It is because the romantic novel tends to unfit you for the prose of life that I condemn it, and it is because the realistic novel opens your eyes to its beauty its power and its deeper significance that I commend it.—Hjalmar Hjorth Boyesen In

### Ending Notes and Letters.

It is passing strange that in America and in England there should exist so great a difference in the manner of sending a letter and in the application of the words "cordially," "faithfully," "sincerely," 'truly' and 'respectfully.' The latter expression in England is never used save by tradesmen or domestic servants. "Cordially" is seldom employed, the usual term beng "yours truly" or "yours sincerely," especially in the case of informal notes. In formal and official communications that commence with the word "sir" or "mad-English people invariably sign themselves "your obedient servant" or "your humble servant," no matter what the rank of the writer may be. Thus Princess Christian of Sleswick-Holstein, that daughter of Queen Victoria who takes the most active part in charitable schemes and benevolent institutions, signs all her circulars and letters as president of the committees of management with the words 'your obedient servant' prefixed to her name, even when addressing retired shopkeepers. In the same way the merest clerk who happens to receive a communication from a cabinet minister, perhaps acknowledging the receipt of a petition, finds the august writer describing himself as "your numble and obedient servant."-New York Tribune.

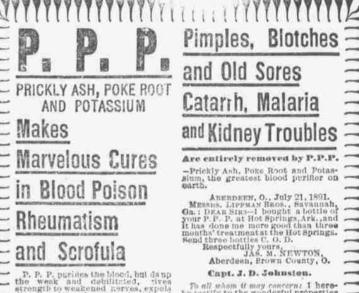
Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

# CONSUMPTION

can, without doubt, be cured in its early stages. It is a battle from the start, but with the right kind of weapons properly used it can be overcome and the insidious foe vanquished. Hope, courage, proper exercise, willpower, and the regular and continuous use of the best nourishing food-medicine in existence-

## Scott's Emulsion

-the wasting can be arrested, the lungs healed, the cough cured, bodily energies renewed and the physical powers made to assert themselves and kill the germs that are beginning to find lodgment in the lungs. This renowned preparation, that has no doubt cured hundreds of thousands of incipient cases of Comsumption, is simply Cod-liver Oil emulsified and made palatable and easy of assimilation, combined with the Hypophosphites, the great bone, brain and nerve tonic. Scott & Bowne, New York. All Druggists. 50c. and \$1.



P. P. P. purities the blood, but doup the weak and debilitated, tives strongly to weakened norves, expels diseasen giving the natienthealth and happiness whore sickness, gloomy redlings and issuitate first prevailed. To all whom it may concern: I hereby cealify to the wonderful properties
of P. P. P. for eruptions of the skin. I
suffered for seve-all years with an unsignity and disagreeable cruption on
my face. I tried every known remedy but in rain, antil P. P. P. was used,
and am now entirely cured.
(Signed by) J. D. JOHNSTON,
Savannah, Ga. leedings and issatisfied first prevailed.

Por primary secondary and tertiary ayphills, for slood poisoning, merestral poison, malaris, dyspeptin, and in all slood and sain diseases, like blootenes, pippless, old chronic aleers, tetter, sand head, bolls, eryspetas, ecaema we may any, without fear of contradiction, that P. P. P. is the best blood pariller in the world, and makes positive, speedy and permanent cures in all cases.

Ladies whose systems are poisoned and whose blood is in an impore condition, due to measural irregularities, are peculiarly benefited by the wonderful bout and blood cleaning properties of P. P. P. Prickly Ash, 2006 Root and Potassium. Skin Cancer Cured. Testimony from the Mayor of Sequin. Tax.

Root and Potassium.

Briting Field, Mo., Aug. 1448, 1893.

-I can speak in the highest terms of your medicine from my own personal knowledge. I was affected with thark disease, between and them that disease, between and them that disease, between and them that disease, between the personal form of 55 years, was treated by the wery best physicians and spent hundreds of dollars, tried every known remedy without finding relief. Thave only taken our Bottle of your P. P. P., and can cheerfully say it has done me mero good that any thing I have sever taken. I can recommend your medicine to all sufferers of the above diseases.

MRS. M. M. YEARY,

Springfield, Green County, Mo.

Tusimony from the Mayor of Sequin, Tax, Snoyre, Tex., January 14, 1803. Messnes, Lapmas Buos., Savananh, Ga.: Gentlemen-I have tried your P. P. For a disease of the skin, usually known as skin cancer, of thirty years' standing, and found great roller: it purities the blood and removes all irritation from the seat of the disease and prevents any spreading of the sore. I have taken five or as bottles will effect a curs. It has also relieved me from Indigention and stomach troubles. Yours truly M. BUST.

CAPT. W. M. BUST.

Attorney at Law.

Book on Blood Disenses Molled Free. ALL DRUGGISTS SELL IT.

LIPPMAN BROS. -PROPRIETORS. Lippman's Block, Savannah, Ga

-

4

-3

**-49** 

-45

For sale by C. D. Gibson, Bennington, Vt.

# THE HARDWARE DEALER



PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM rivers our for Coma.

There were 3,134,934 Packages of HIRES' ROOTBEER sold in 1894, which made 15,675,735 gallons, or 313,494,700 glasses, sufficient to give every man, woman and child in the United States, five glasses each-did you get your share? Be sure and get some this year. A 25 cent package makes 5 gallons. Rootbeer

For Coughs, Colds, and Lung Troubles. Adamson's

THE CHAS. E. HIRES CO., Phila.

Botanic Cough Balsam.

It brings relief with the first dose, soothes irritation, heals the lungs and throat and effects a perfect cure.

Price, 35 and 75 Cents. SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

Artists' Materials Oil and Water colors, brushes, canvas, crayons, placques, palettes, etc., etc., BANNER Stationery Store.

### H.M. HARRIS

Successor o the Estate of S. F. HARRIS, WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALERS.

# HARDWARE

Balls, &c., &c. A great variety of Table and pocke Cutlery, Axes, Tools, Grindstones, Carriage Tires, Plow Bolts, Locks, Screws. Rivers, Nuts, Washers, Axle Plates Screws, Butts, Straps and Hinges, Cable and Trace Chains, R. R. Wheel Barrows, Picks, Mattocks, Crow Bars, Baldwin Refrig

AGENTS FOR HOWE'S HAY PLATFORM AND COUNTER SCALES.

### Domestic and Imported Cigars

Fine Key West Cigars, Pipes, Tobacco, etc. Rope, Lath, Yarn Tubs, Ralis, Wash Boards, Brooms, Clothes Wringers, Picks, Sleige, Are and Harmer Han-dles. Galvanized fence, wire and poultry net-

PENNSYLVANIA

LAWN MOWERS.

DOUGLAS \$3 SHOE IS THE BEST. FRENCHA ENAMELLED CALF. 4.5350 FINE CALF&KANGAROOL \$3.50 POLICE, 3 SOLES. \$250 \$2. WORKINGMEN'S EXTRA FINE \$2.\$1.75 BOYS SCHOOL SHOES S3.52 FOR DONGOLA SEND FOR CATALOGUE SEND FOR CATALOGUE SEND FOR CATALOGUE SEND COMPANY COMPANY

W. L. Douglas \$3 & \$4 Shoes All our shoes are equally satisfactory They give the best value for the money.
They equal custom shoes in style and fit.
Their wearing qualities are unsurpassed.
The prices are uniform,—stimped on sole.
From Si to Si saved over other makes.
If your dealer cannot supply you we can. Sold by

A. F. Loomis, Main St.

#### STEEL ROOFING and SIDING.

(Sagendorph's Patent.) Lightning, Fire and Storm Proof. Send for catalogue of prices. The Penn Iron Roofing and Corrustatiogue of prices. Sale Mirs. Ansyl .

Dean's Rheumatic Pilis absolutely cure theumatism & Neuralgia. Entirely vegetable, afc. 22y1